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Tributes to

Abraham Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources providing testimonials lauding the 16th President of the United States

Great Britain and Canada

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

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Buchan, John

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A Tribute to Lincoln

Lord Tweedsmuir Told of Britain's Debt to Him

To the New York Herald Tribune:

As the son of a Canadian, though born in this country, permit me to pay my earnest tribute to Lord Tweedsmuir, who has just passed on, by pointing out a highly significant evidence of his noteworthy friendship for the United States, through quoting something that has attracted but little attention thus far, though it now has very special significance through the striking circumstance that the Governor General's death lacked not a very few hours of coinciding with Lincoln's Birthday—today.

In 1924 Lord Tweedsmuir, then simply John Buchan, delivered a war memorial address at Milton Academy, in Milton, near Boston, in which he thus paid highly noteworthy tribute to our great President Lincoln:

"To me Lincoln seems one of the two or three greatest men ever born of our blood. You will observe that I am talking as if we were one household and speaking of our blood, for no drop ran in his veins which was not British in its ultimate origin.

"I like to think that in him we see at its highest that kind of character and mind which is the special glory of our common race. He was wholly simple, without vanity, or grandiosity, or cant. He was a homely man, full of homely, common sense and homely humor; but in the great moment he could rise to a grandeur which is forever denied to a posturing, self-conscious talent.

"He conducted the ordinary business of life in phrases of a homespun simplicity; but, when necessary, he could attain to a nobility of speech and a profundity of thought which have rarely been equaled. He was a plain man, loving his fellows and happy among them; but, when the crisis came, he could stand alone. He could talk with crowds and keep his virtue; he could preserve the common touch and yet walk with God.

"There is no such bond between peoples as that each should enter into the sacred places of the other; and, in the noble merchantry of civilization, let us remember that, if we have given Shakespeare to America, you have paid us back with Lincoln."

There it is—the noblest tribute that I have ever encountered to one of our greatest men, by a great Briton—now, himself, no more. May it be long remembered of both of them, by us and by all who come after us, standing, with bowed, uncovered heads, above that earth which now enfolds them!

ARTHUR ELLIOT SPROUL.

New York, Feb. 12, 1940.

LINCOLN ANGLO-SAXON IDEAL

Sir Arthur Currie of McGill Pays Tribute at Town Hall.

General Sir Arthur W. Currie, Principal of McGill University, Montreal, speaking at the Town Hall last night under the auspices of the League for Political Education, paid tribute to Abraham Lincoln as the embodiment of the highest Anglo-Saxon ideals.

"Perhaps the one day in all the year when Anglo-Saxon peoples of whatever flag may most appropriately assemble to discuss with calm sincerity and with solemn reverence their common traditions, their common problems and their common aims," he said, "the one most fitting day in all the year is the anniversary of the immortal statesman whose birthday we celebrate tonight—Abraham Lincoln. For Lincoln belongs to the whole Anglo-Saxon family."

Dwelling upon the impression that Lincoln has made upon other countries, Sir Arthur went on:

"This plain American speaks to us across time and space to men in all lands and in any generation. Go to Edinburgh where the granite looms out of the mists, as a symbol of enduring Scottish freedom, and Lincoln from his high place looks down upon you, near a monument to a group of your illustrious war dead. Go to London and Lincoln's memorial is there. In every part of the English-speaking world Lincoln's efforts for his time and for our time are eternally perpetuated in bronze and stone. But the greatest repository of the affections for Lincoln's deeds and Lincoln's personality is in the countless hearts of men. He was the spiritual promise and the fact of democracy. He was the enduring type of personal nobility. Sympathy and understanding of men in the spiritual and in the mass, dictated all his acts.

"If he could speak to us tonight as he spoke in this city sixty-six years ago, he would say to your country and to mine, 'Keep the peace within your borders by giving justice and equality of opportunity to all people of your lands. Remember that an ignominious peace is more debasing than a just war. Retain as sacred your international friendship. Work out your destiny as separate political entities under separate flags with no thought of foolish jealousy or petty rivalry. Be mindful of the fact that your two countries are sprung from a common stock with common traditions and common aims, and that your common ancestors rocked together on English lawns and Scottish hills, beside Irish lakes and in American and Canadian forests the sacred cradle of liberty."

Dr. John H. Finley presided.

J. V. McAree

Lincoln and Canada

HYE BOSSIN, editor of the Canadian Film Weekly, has been collecting from various sources revealing incidents of the relationship between Canada and the United States at the time of the American Civil War and earlier. Though they are of official record, many of them are new to us and may be to others. For instance, it is surely not generally known that among those who heard Lincoln speak at Gettysburg was a Canadian guest. It appears that the Hon. A. T. Galt and the Hon. William McDougall had gone to Washington to discuss trade affairs with the President. They were shown into Mr. Lincoln's presence, but were told courteously enough that at the moment he did not have time to sit down with them. He was going out of town but would be back the following evening, when they could meet for a discussion. In the meantime, he suggested that Washington was an interesting city and that they might well enjoy strolling through it.

McDougall's Privilege

Then, as an afterthought, he added: "I was just thinking that if you cared to attend the Gettysburg dedication, which we think is an important event, perhaps you would like to be my guests and accompany my party. We leave on this afternoon's train for Gettysburg and have arranged to stop overnight at a quiet inn near there. We could have dinner together and drive to the battlefield in the morning." Mr. Galt, it appeared, had an engagement in Washington, but Mr. McDougall, lawyer and editor and a man of distinction in his time, was glad to accept the invitation. Of the incident, John Hay wrote in his diary: "On our train were the President, Seward, Usher and Blair . . . McDougall of Canada and one or two others. We had a pleasant sort of trip." Lincoln's friendly reception of the Canadian was well based. He knew well that the overwhelming sentiment of the people in this country was on the side of the Union, although the prevailing British sentiment, at least among the ruling classes, was strongly pro-Confederate. This may have been the earliest ocasion on which Canadian and English sentiments were directly opposed.

Canadians in Civil War

The President could not know then, for the records were still being compiled, that no fewer than 50,000 Canadians fought on the side of the North in the war and that 18,000 of them died in battle or from wounds. How significant a percentage of the available Canadian manpower this was will be realized when we remember that in a British House of Commons debate in 1864 Disraeli said that the utmost patriotism and the broadest registration would yield no more than 200,000 Canadians for service. This calculation was made at a time when it seemed probable enough that Canada would be called upon to raise an army to resist American invasion. The crisis arose in 1861 when an American ship halted a British ship and removed from it the two Southern commissioners, Mason and Slidell, who were on their way to England to plead the cause of the South and probably raise money for the war. Britain bristled and declared that her rights had been invaded. The return of the two commissioners was demanded. Public sentiment in the North was against yielding and almost the entire cabinet agreed. Lincoln alone made the decision, a difficult one, but he felt that Britain was in the right. The two commissioners were returned and the immediate danger was past; but smouldering resentment remained and, given provocation, might have burst into flames.

Thought Speech Too Short

McDougall left but fragmentary notes of what was a great historical occasion though he grasped the importance of the speech as it fell upon his ears. The crowd generally and most of the reporters present failed to realize that they had been listening to one of the noblest utterances in history, because it was far shorter than the orations then considered proper to such occasions. The Canadian sent copies to England and Canadian papers. Senator Norman Lambert was at some pains to gather all the information he could as to McDougall's recollection of what had taken place, and he wrote two articles on the subject for the Winnipeg Free Press in 1947. He recalled more than forty years ago having talked with William Houston, for many years a member of The Globe editorial staff, who remembered a conversation he had had with McDougall about Gettysburg and Lincoln. After the first Lambert article appeared two living descendants of William McDougall appeared in the persons of Douglas H. McDougall and F. C. L. Jones, both of Toronto. They had their own contributions to make which for the most part confirmed what Senator Lambert had written.

Nephew Remembered

Mr. Jones, a nephew of McDougall, said that his uncle had dined at his house one evening and had remarked that when they met Lincoln had looked him over (McDougall being a tall, well-built man) and remarked "Are you a descendant of the man to whom the King said 'Lay on MacDuff and damned be he who first cries Hold! Enough'?" McDougall also told his nephew of the pleasant dinner they had before the day of the dedication. After the meal the President, who was in a most affable mood, swapped yarns with McDougall and other members of his party. They chatted pretty far into the night and the session had to be broken up by Seward who rather impatiently reminded the President that he must come upstairs and finish the speech he was expected to deliver the next day. Lambert observed that "Seward's impatience with his leader was an authentic sidelight on the Secretary of War and also on a considerable number of Lincoln's contemporaries, who because of small vision and partisanship, were never able to recognize the President's great qualities."

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H. G. WELLS, he of *The Outline of History,* has recently given us the names of the six greatest men who have lived in the world, measured by his standard. These were Jesus of Nazareth, Buddha, Asoka, Aristotle, Bacon, and Lincoln. He says it was not their talent, nor their power, or wealth by which he rates them, but simply by how much better did they make the world by living in it. In other words their greatness and their permanent influence came not by *getting* but by *giving.* How slow the world has been learning that truth. No doubt other historians would differ with Mr. Wells in the names he mentions, but few if any will deny the principle that it is in *serving,* and not in *being served* that men write their names indelibly on the pages of history. Jesus taught that lesson nineteen centuries ago. Aye more. He taught that in so doing they were preparing themselves to live in the life beyond. But men of the world do not see this truth taught in Scripture and exemplified so often in history. If they did it would revolutionize their lives and mould anew the course of history. Not *getting,* but *giving;* not *receiving* but *distributing;* not being *served* but *serving*—are the great ideals which ennoble life and make it worth enduring.

The Christian Evangelist
July 13, 1922

An interview with Mr. H. G. Wells, the novelist, whose "Outlines of History", attained a sale thought impossible to a work of this character, is published in a recent issue of The American Magazine. The interview concerns the six greatest men in history, and the list is noteworthy in that the names of Alexander, Caesar and Natpoleon were omitted, because they merely accumulated for themselves or they built up what tumbled down at their death. Wells' test of a great man is: "Was the world different because he lived? Did he start men to thinking along fresh lines with a vigor and vitality that persisted after him?" In the list he places Jesus of Nazareth first, viewed as a man. He says that, utterly aside from a religious viewpoint, the historian must give him first place "by virtue of the new and simple and profound doctrine which he brought—the universal, loving Fatherhood of God and the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven." Next in the list he places Buddha, who attributed all the miseries and discomforts of life to selfishness. Mohammed and Confucius are omitted, the first because he had "too much of the clay of human weakness mixed with the finer elements" in his character and the latter because "we know too little about China to include Confucius with our half-dozen greatest." Aristotle is given third place, as the founder of the scientific method. He used the power and wealth granted him by his pupil, Alexander, to carry on his studies on a scale never before attempted, in both political and natural science. A thousand men at his disposal, scattered through Greece and Asia, collected data for him in natural history. The students of the Lyceum under his direction made an analysis of fifty-eight political constitutions. He sought for facts. There is only one monarch in the list, whom his interviewer confessed never having heard of, Asoka. He ruled a vast empire from Afghanistan to Madras, and after one successful war, announced that he would turn from battle and devote himself to the happiness of his people. For 28 years he is said to have worked sanely and unselfishly for the real needs of men, while spreading the teachings of Buddha. Roger Bacon is in the list, though he is described as lacking many of the elements of greatness. He is mentioned on account of "his passionate insistence upon the need of experiment and of collecting knowledge." Lincoln is the sixth, in order to typify America, which Wells calls "the striking phenomenon in modern history." He hesitated between Washington and Lincoln, but made his choice on the grounds that Washington was "essentially an English gentleman," while Lincoln was a product of America. "His simplicity, his humor, his patience, his deep-abiding optimism, based on the conviction that right will prevail and that things must work themselves out—all these seem to typify the best that you have to give. And they are very rich gifts indeed." The affection in which Lincoln is held in countries other than his own is cited as tribute to his greatness.

ATCHISON DAILY GLOBE.
FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1922.

"London Spectator"

The English and Lincoln.

The London Spectator, in speaking of the esteem in which Lincoln is held by the world, says:

"The world is still waiting for the true life of one who was probably the greatest product of the Anglo-Saxon race in the last century. The time is coming near when we can judge him fairly. The part he played in the crisis of his country was so immense that the early lives were not unnaturally of the 'spread-eagle' type. Then, as time passed, and the literary genius of his countrymen fell in love with subleties, there seemed less inclination to consider a mind and character which were essentially broad and simple. Now that the echoes of controversies are dying away, and at the same time nationalism is reviving in American letters, we may hope that the right biographer will arise. He must tell the tale as a drama for Lincoln's career has the splendor of some great movement of nature. Like Cromwell, he does not make it; it is made for him, and he only accepts the guidance of Providence. Backwoods boy, rail-splitter, storekeeper, country lawyer, politician, President—the stages come so naturally that one forgets the human effort. The gods seem to be preparing the one man for the appointed hour. * * *

"The greatness of Lincoln as President lay in his clear perception of one essential truth—that in the interest of posterity the Union must be maintained. Amid a throng of distracting side questions he never lost sight of the main issue. It takes a very real intellectual greatness to stake everything upon an abstract truth. The tenderest-hearted of men had to wage a bloody and relentless war. The least dogmatic of statesmen had to hold fast to one dogma, and shut his eyes to difficulties.

"Above all, he did not 'look too good nor talk too wise.' The author of the most exalted speeches in English oratory since Burke transacted the ordinary business of life in language of a homespun simplicity. His humor at once endeared him to his people and allowed him to 'keep the common touch' in the terrible mysteries of high policy and war. It refreshed him to put a difficulty into homely idioms and illustrate it with a country tale."

Nat Tribune.
Nov. 1914

J. V. McAree

Lincoln and Canada

LIKE many another Canadian, Hye Bossin has become fascinated by Abraham Lincoln, especially in his relations with Canada. A year ago in his Canadian Film Weekly he dealt entertainingly with some of these. This year we have a further interesting installment in which appear some forgotten events in our history. He begins: "It can be said that the life and times of Abraham Lincoln made Confederation a reality and Canada a nation. The Civil War to keep the United States united taught those living next to it the folly of discord. That and fear of attack gave impetus to the political unity of the British provinces of North America." Canadians, like the people in Great Britain, sided with the North, chiefly because of the slavery issue. No fewer than 50,000 of them enlisted in the Union armies, and 18,000 died. But there were incidents that caused Canadians to look with apprehension rather than sympathy on the course of Lincoln's Government. There was, for instance, the Trent affair in which a Northern gunboat removed two Southern agents, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, from the British ship Trent. The British Government protested, and eventually the prisoners were released. But for a time it appeared that war would result.

Sentiment Changes

A change in Canadian sympathies followed. It was not the South that might make war; it was the North. British troops were shipped to Canada. Children still played their cops and robbers games in the streets, with North and South opposing each other. But now it was always the South that won. Leading Yankee newspapers turned abuse on this country as if it were one of the Southern states. The Fenians were loud in their intention to invade Canada in order to help the cause of Irish nationalism and this threat was later carried into effect. But all the time a steady stream of Canadians headed south to join the Union armies. Said Thomas H. Raddall in his Halifax: Warden of the North: "Every great battle of the war brought melancholy little obituaries in the Halifax newspapers. When the end came there were Nova Scotian graves all the way from Bull Run to Appomattox and from Vicksburg to Wilmington. In Quebec so many young men crossed the border for adventure, the recruiting bounty or the cause that the bishops banned enlistment and parish priests warned against it. The flow of Canadian youth from Ontario was the same."

Lincoln's Assurance

In the meantime, a British ultimatum demanding the release of the two Southern agents remained unanswered. There were powerful factions in both nations which wanted war. Lincoln said nothing. At this juncture Sir John A. Macdonald, leader of the Quebec-Ontario Government, sent the Hon. A. T. Galt, his Finance Minister, to Washington on matters that would bring him before Lincoln. So it happened that he was able to report in a letter to his wife that he had had a "long and satisfactory private interview" with Lincoln whom he found to be "very tall, thin and with marked features" and "who appears fond of anecdotes of which he has a fund. I liked him for his straightforward, strong common sense." The President assured Galt that neither he nor his Cabinet had the slightest aggressive designs against Canada, nor any desire to disturb the rights of Great Britain on this continent. He gave Galt permission to convey this assurance to the Canadian Government. But Galt was not greatly reassured. He felt that Lincoln's own position was precarious and that popular impulses might force his Government to take steps which he himself regretted.

Canadians in U.S. Armies

Canadians generally might have taken a different view if they had been permitted to know of the interview, but few of them did know or took the trouble to study it. Canadians in the United States started back for Canada fearing that war was near. But the Canadians in the Union armies had no such choice. They were, nevertheless, even more disturbed than the civilians. They considered the prospect of being part of an American army invading their own country and revolted against it. So a group of them in the uniform of the army of the North met in Washington and resolved to gain an interview with Lincoln. They chose as their spokesman Newton Wolverton, a sixteen-year-old Ontario lad who, with his three brothers, had joined the Union army shortly after the Civil War broke out.

Lincoln Renews Pledge

This Wolverton, in the opinion of his son, A. N. Wolverton, was one of the most colorful characters in Canadian history. He fought against the Fenians, was assigned to the search for Lincoln's assassin at the request of the American Government, and later became the second principal of Woodstock College, from which McMaster and Moulton College derived. Obtaining an audience with Lincoln, Wolverton said: "Mr. President, we represent fifty thousand Canadians who are fighting in your armies. We believe in your cause and we took the oath of allegiance without any reservations. We believe our record will compare favorably with any of your forces. But we are Canadians, born and bred, an indissoluble part of Britain, and we wish to tell you in the most respectful way that we did not enlist to fight against our Mother Country." The President was touched. He replied: "Mr. Wolverton, I wish you to go back to your boys and tell them that Abraham Lincoln appreciates the value of their services, and that so long as Abraham Lincoln is President, the United States of America will not declare war on Britain." Not long afterward the Southern agents, seized aboard the Trent, were released. International tension lessened, but was revived not long afterward with the invasion of the Fenians. They were repulsed. A second proposed invasion was stopped by the American Government and so peace came between the two countries.

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Globe & Mail (Toronto.)
2-18-52

The Courier-Journal
Louisville, Kentucky
February 13, 1959

British Leaders Honor Memory Of Emancipator

© New York Times News Service

London, Feb. 12.—Britain put aside her political differences Thursday to honor the memory of an American who lived and died for the cause of freedom in unity.

Commemorating the 150th birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan placed a wreath at the foot of the great bronze statue of the 16th President of the United States that looks across Parliament Square.

Under a gray sky that heightened the solemnity of the occasion and the sober visage of the Great Emancipator, homage of the same kind was paid by Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the Labor Party opposition, and Jo Grimond, Liberal Party leader. In a sense, all Britain was there.

Los Angeles Herald Express
February 12, 1959

British in Tribute to Lincoln

LONDON, Feb. 12 (AP)—Prime Minister Macmillan interrupted a heavy round of state matters today to commemorate the 150th birth date of Abraham Lincoln, one of Britain's favorite Americans.

"Certainly his ideas have always found a ready echo in our hearts," Macmillan said in laying a wreath at the Lincoln statue in the busy square opposite the houses of parliament.

Hugh Gaitskell placed yellow flowers for the labor party and Jo Grimmond laid a wreath for the liberals.

Chicago Daily Tribune
February 12, 1959

BRITONS SHINE UP STATUE OF COUSIN ABE

BY MAVIS COLE
[Chicago Tribune Press Service]

LONDON, Feb. 11—Led by Prime Minister Macmillan, Britons will remember this Thursday. It is the 150th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, whose ancestors came from England.

Macmillan and American Ambassador Jock Whitney will lay wreaths at a statue of Lincoln in Parliament square. Workmen gave the statue a special polish Wednesday.

Exhibit Arranged

At the London tea center which boasts of "the best cup of tea in town," a commemorative exhibition has been arranged by the United States information service. The famous President's life is illustrated by photos, prints, his own words, contemporary accounts and a replica of a bust modeled from life by Leonard Volk in Chicago during 1860.

After two weeks the exhibit and another now on show in Nottingham will tour Britain.

Britons remember with pride that Lincoln had English blood. A cottage at Swanton Morley, Norfolk, demolished in 1892, is reputed to be the ancestral home. However, a Lincoln expert at the American embassy said there is no definite proof that the family ever lived in Norfolk.

Probably a Priest

It is believed a Lincoln was the Church of England priest at Swanton Morely at the end of the 16th century. His grandson, Samuel, was apprenticed to a weaver and emigrated to Salem, Mas., in 1637 to found the American side of the family. Nearly 200 years later Abraham was born in Kentucky.

Ambassador Whitney pays homage to Lincoln Thursday in a British broadcasting corporation TV network show.

New York Herald Tribune
February 13, 1959

Macmillan Calls Lincoln 'Truly Great'

'Symbolizes Need' Of Anglo-U. S. Unity

By William J. Humphreys
From the Herald Tribune Bureau

LONDON, Feb. 12.—Prime Minister Macmillan said today Abraham Lincoln was "a truly great man" who had come to symbolize for Britons the need of Anglo-American unity.

Mr. Macmillan, marking the 150th anniversary of Lincoln's birth, spoke at the foot of the towering bronze Lincoln that stands in Parliament Square. It is a replica of the original by the late Homer St. Gaudens in Chicago and was erected in 1914 to commemorate 100 years of Anglo-American peace.

"Must Work Together"

"Inspired by his memory, the peoples of Great Britain and the United States must work together," the Prime Minister told a group including Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the opposition Labor party; Jo Grimond, the Liberal party chieftain, and John Hay Whitney, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

Other Lincoln anniversary ceremonies were held in Manchester and Edinburgh.

Exhibits Opened Abroad

LONDON, Feb. 12 (UPI).—The 150th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln was observed today by Americans abroad and millions of Europeans.

American Embassy and consular offices opened exhibits devoted to Lincoln.

The Soviet government newspaper, "Izvestia," said: "Americans may be justly proud of their great fellow-countryman. . . . All the world honors the memory of the liberator of Negroes from slavery."

E. NVOYS' TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

A MBASSADORS BRYCE AND JUSSERAND SPEAK.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., February 13.—Declaring that Englishmen honor the memory of Abraham Lincoln as Americans do, and that it was fitting that one who was privileged to represent the land from which his forefathers came should bring on behalf of England a tribute of admiration for him, James Bryce, British ambassador to the United States, delivered a notable address at the Lincoln celebration here last night. Other speakers were Ambassador Jusserand of France and William Jennings Bryan.

"I was an undergraduate students in the University of Oxford when the civil war broke out," said Mr. Bryce. "Well do I remember the surprise when the republican national convention nominated Lincoln as candidate for the presidency, for it had been expected that the choice would fall upon William H. Seward.

"I recollect how it slowly dawned upon Europeans in 1862 and 1863 that the President could be no ordinary man because he never seemed cast down by the reverses which befell his arms, because he never let himself be hurried into premature action nor feared to take so bold a step as the emancipation proclamation was when he saw that the time had arrived. And, above all, I remember the shock of awe and grief which thrilled all Britain when the news came that he had perished by the bullet of an assassin.

"There have been not a few murders of the heads of states in our time; but none smote us with such horror and such pity as the death of this great, strong and merciful man in the moment when his long and patient efforts had been crowned with victory, and peace had just begun to shed her rays over a land laid waste by the march of armies.

"We in England already felt then that a great as well as a good man had departed, though it remained for later years to enable us all (both you here and the other hemisphere) fully to appreciate his greatness. Both among you and with us, his fame has continued to rise till he has now become one of the grandest figures whom America has given to world history to be a glory first of this country, then also of mankind.

M. Jusserand's Tribute.

M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, said in part as follows:

"A century of almost unbroken prosperity had nearly elapsed when came the hour of the nation's second trial. The edifice raised by Washington was trembling on its base; a catastrophe was at hand. Then it was that in a not yet world-famous town, Chicago by name, the republican convention met to choose a candidate for the presidency. It chose a man whom my predecessor of those days described as 'a man almost unknown, Mr. Abraham Lincoln.'

"'We still remember,' wrote years later, the illustrious French writer, Prevost-Paradol, 'the uneasiness with which we awaited the first words of that President, then unknown, upon whom a heavy task had fallen. As soon as he spoke, all our doubts and fears were dissipated and it seemed to us that fate itself had pronounced in favor of the good cause since it had given to the country an honest man.'

"Well, indeed, might people have wondered and felt anxious, when they remembered how little training in great affairs the new ruler had had and the incredible difficulty of the problems he would have to solve, for he had to fight, 'not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies.'".

"After having saved the nation, Lincoln went to his doom and fell, as he had long foreseen, a victim to the cause for which he had fought. The emotion caused by the event was immense. Among my compatriots part were for the south, part for the north; they should not be blamed; it was the same in America.

"When the catastrophe happened there were no more differences and the whole French nation was united in feeling. From the emperor and empress who telegraphed to Mrs. Lincoln, to the humblest workman, the emotion was the same; a wave of sympathy covered the country, such a one as was never seen.

"A subscription was opened to have a medal struck and a copy in gold presented to Mrs. Lincoln. In order that it might be a truly national offering it was decided that no one would be permitted to subscribe more than 2 cents. The necessary money was collected in an instant, and the medal was struck bearing these memorable words:

"'Dedicated by French democracy to Lincoln, honest man, who abolished slavery, re-established the Union, saved the Republic, without veiling the statue of Liberty.'

"The French press was unanimous in expressions of admiration and of sorrow. 'A Christian,' said the Gazette de France, 'has just ascended before the throne of the Final Judge, accompanied by the souls of 4,000,000 slaves, created like ours in the image of God, and who have been endowed with freedom by a word from him.'"

An English Tribute

'Lincoln's Name Honored Wherevr Our Tongue Is Spoken'

To the Editor of The Post—Sir: Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States, was born on the 12th of February 1809, and on this anniversary it is fitting that I should convey to the American people whom he served, an Englishwoman's appreciation of that great man—a man brave, simple-minded, thorough, and true. He achieved greatness because greatness was within him.

What was his parentage? It was poor and untutored, for his father was a simple backwoodsman without education of any kind. His mother, like the mother of many another great man, was a woman of character, and from her little Abe received his earliest education; there was no other to be had. At his mother's knee he would listen in rapt attention to the tales or Indian legends she loved to tell her children. Books were hard to come by, but she herself had been a keen reader.

The Lincoln's home was a log-cabin of the humblest description, and there was hard work for all. Hunting in the forest round their home was their only means of procuring food and raiment. They were of the roughest. Two grand qualities mark Abraham Lincoln's career. He seized his opportunities, he never let them slip, and he never despaired of overcoming any difficulty. He was a tremendous worker. As he grew to manhood many things came within his reach, and to all—schooling to begin with—he made a ready and hearty response. His books were always his consolation in any trouble, and from an early age the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress and the "Life of Washington" (a borrowed book), were his most prized possessions.

A journey taken in his early twenties proved a great landmark in Abraham Lincoln's life. He took a boatload of provisions to New Orleans for a small trader. This gave him his first experience of slavery. Many plantations lined the banks of the Mississippi, and he saw men, women and children cruelly treated; he saw them bought and sold. The impression made upon him by this inhuman treatment never left him. Lincoln had

British Weekly First to Discern World Greatness of Lincoln

Stanley Baldwin Says Spectator's Statement on Assassination of Great President Sounded the Note That History Has Echoed Since

Jour. 18-1929

SPECIAL FROM MONITOR BUREAU

LONDON—Insight that recognized Abraham Lincoln's world magnitude at the time of his passing is attributed by the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, to that well-known British weekly publication the Spectator. Referring, on the occasion of the centenary celebrations of this journal in London, to its attitude during the American Civil War, Mr. Baldwin said:

"There is one other estimate about which I would like to say a word, because it belonged to a period of history which to me is one of the critical periods of modern times. That is the estimate in the Spectator of Lincoln at the time of the Civil War. The Spectator, as everybody knows, took an enormously courageous line all through that time and went solid for the North. There is no doubt that the work of the Spectator at that time did a great deal to soften the asperities of the relationship which might have come about between the English-speaking peoples. Up to 1863, the year before Lincoln's assassination, the Spectator referred to him as 'a rather vulgar personality, whose mind has shown itself slow and hesitating, though never irresolute, when once decided. A man whose dignity has not yet been equal to ruling his own Cabinet.' A little later the Spectator referred to 'Mr. Lincoln's modest, and somewhat vulgar, but respectable statesmanship.'

Sounded a True Note

"A year went by; Lincoln was assassinated, and I will say this for the Spectator, that by that time they sounded the same note that history has sounded all over the world since: 'At 7:30 a. m. on April 15, Abraham Lincoln ended a glorious career which would place him forever among the noblest rulers of the world.' It must be a matter of pride to Mr. Wrench (the present editor) to be connected with a journal which, so long ago as that, could make such amends to one of the greatest men produced by our race.

"If I were asked to say in a minute or two why we are here tonight, and what it is we think the Spectator stands for, what it is we admire it for, I would say: We admire the Spectator because it has always stuck to its principles. We may not like them at times, but it has stuck to its principles, regardless of circulation, of profit, or of any other consideration.

High Standards Adhered To

"You may not always think the standard an absolute one, but there is no question of their being high standards, there is no question of their not having adhered to them. They have tried to unite the various functions of the press—the function of the watchdog, the function of the newsvendor—and the function of the critic—and to unite them in the public service, and in the public service alone.

"They have never debased the currency with vulgarity or with triviality. They have never betrayed the interests of their country for sensation or for profit. These are their great traditions. They have been the traditions of the Spectator for a century. They are their traditions today."

3-4-30

Lincoln Arrives in London

English veneration for Abraham Lincoln is revealed again in the new bust of him recently placed in the Royal Exchange in London among the statues and memorials that mark the illustrious great of English history.

The bust was carved by the Irish-American sculptor, Andrew O'Connor, from a block of American limestone quarried near Lincoln's birthplace. It shows the Emancipator beardless, looking down in brooding thought, as he might have been before the crushing burdens of the Civil War period. This may not be the Lincoln that Americans know best, but it may be more satisfying to the English conception of him.

"The powerful head carved in this pale and slightly greenish stone," says the Manchester Guardian, "is most arresting against the background of the large, brightly colored frescoes. To the left of him King Alfred on horseback is repairing the ruins of London, and on the right William the Conqueror is giving the city—represented this morning by the Lord Mayor—its charter."

England's discovery of Lincoln's greatness is the more gratifying because of the bitter hostility against him in the early days of his administration. Tom Taylor was not the only one who went to extreme lengths to portray his "length of shambling limb, his furrowed face." And his apology after Lincoln's death might have been the apology of all Englishmen who had been converted, like him, to the extraordinary qualities of the man.

Washington stands in marble at one of the prominent esplanades of London; Lincoln stands beside King Alfred in the Royal Exchange. Here are two more things that King George III, were he alive today, would need no spectacles to read.

ENGLISH

1928

LONDON, Feb. 13 (AP)—Viscountess Astor, extolling Abraham Lincoln at a birthday luncheon honoring the American Civil War president today, discussed Anglo-American relations and assailed the "100 per cent citizen" as a menace to international amity. She regarded Lincoln not as the typical American, but the embodiment of the best qualities of the citizens of all countries. His Virginian parentage, she said smilingly, probably explained Lincoln's greatness.

Lady Astor urged unity of feeling between the United States and Great Britain and expressed the conviction that they would be best drawn together by living up to their highest ideals.

"If is the 100 per cent American and the 100 per cent Englishman I fear," she went on. "I think 100 per cent citizens ought to be locked up. They are a danger to the world."

America, said the native Virginian, is very young, very large, very rich and "very very bumptious," adding "I do not blame it. When England was very rich, she was very bumptious."

Alluding to the question of American unpopularity, Lady Astor said: "England has never been a very popular country, if you come to think of it."

February 1923

Lincoln in England

AMONG the princely statues of peers, premiers and potentates in Westminster Square, London, stands Abraham Lincoln, no less a prince than those of noble birth and loftier station who grace the famous square bounded by Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.

The London statue of Lincoln is a replica of Augustus Saint Gaudens' "Lincoln" in Lincoln Park, Chicago. An American feels strangely at home in a strange city as he stands in the august presence of Saint Gaudens' handiwork, which so beautifully portrays the Lincoln we revere and admire.

It was a beautiful English, August day when we arrived to see Lincoln in the city he himself never saw. The statue was crowned with sunshine which filtered through the trees in the small park.

After a short, but admiring gaze at the great Emancipator, we were made aware of the presence of an Italian peddler at the curb. He had bananas for sale. We ventured to ask if the station at the Lincoln statue was not a good centre for business.

The merchant was not interested in that aspect of the

question at all. An ideal held the Italian to his position without much regard for the business.

We looked questioningly, but made no remark.

"I like it here near Mister Lincoln. I have a boy, Tony, in Mister Lincoln's land." And the plaintive voice rather gripped our interest.

"Some day," he said, continuing, "I go to Mister Lincoln's land too, and I be a man like Mister Lincoln." He looked admiringly at the statue.

We had found a man from the sunny Mediterranean with a dream in his soul. Abraham Lincoln had intrigued his patriotic sense and captured his hope and heart. He was dreaming a golden dream of destiny in the terms of Lincoln's character.

To the humble merchant, Lincoln was the embodiment of manhood at its best, and America was offering him the opportunity to bring to a perfect consummation his ideal in character attainment. Every day found the peddler at his station before the statue, absorbing the nobility of the Lincoln character and drinking in the idealism which crowns this *man of the people.*

The banana man's dream of character and happiness found its richest fascination and highest hope at the feet of the man whose presence in stone had become a shrine.

—*Sidney D. Eva.*

GRIFFITHS ON LINCOLN.

Estimate of Emancipator's Character Given to John Bright's Neighbors.

The Liverpool Mercury of February 12 printed a verbatim report of a speech on Lincoln by John L. Griffiths, of this city, consul at Liverpool, delivered the night before at the Town Hall of Rochdale, the home of John Bright, steadfast friend of the North during the dark days of the civil war. Mr. Griffiths recalled the great services of John Bright to the Union cause, and then said:

No place in England, not even London itself, could be more appropriate than Rochdale in which to pay tribute to the memory of a man who sprung from the loins of the people, owing nothing to birth, or wealth, or station, and who throughout his long and eventful life never consciously misled or deceived or betrayed them. Abraham Lincoln is the most unaccountable man in our history. He can not be explained by heredity, or culture, or environment. He was born in a little one-room cabin in the Kentucky wilderness, and died one of the greatest rulers in the world. His father was a wanderer, going from State to State in the hope of improving his condition, and, after all his wanderings, left as the only legacy to his family a reputation for fair and honest dealing and a few acres in the clearing. His mother, a frail and fragile creature, to whom scant justice has been done, passed away at an early age, unable to endure the hardships and privations of that rough pioneer life. She was buried in the trackless forest, with the winds to sing a requiem over her lonely grave.

Mr. Griffiths proceeded to give a sketch of Mr. Lincoln's life, his scanty education, his practice of the law, his development as an orator, his qualities as a politician, his sturdy moral character, and his attractive personality. The closing paragraphs of his speech follow:

To realize the magnitude of Lincoln's achievement, it must be remembered that there were a number of so-called border States with almost evenly divided political sympathies, ready to espouse either the Northern or the Southern cause upon what they might regard as sufficient provocation, and whose neutrality was important, if not essential, to the preservation of the national life. So skillful did the President steer a straight course between the contending factions that not a single one of these dynastic States declared its allegiance to the Confederacy, and the Northern troops passed through them in safety on their way to Appomattox and Richmond. Lincoln was severely criticised for his refusal to issue an emancipation proclamation early in the war, but he knew that to do so would alienate all the sympathies, convert neutrals into active foes, and at the same time that it would estrange thousands in the North who were willing to fight for the conservation of the Union, but not then for the freedom of the slaves. Lincoln had the divine gift of infinite patience. He always waited, as Lowell said, until the right moment brought up all his reserves; he knew that if he acted in a matter of first importance unsupported by public opinion the success of the Northern cause would be seriously imperiled. And for three years and more he educated the people of the North until when the charter of freedom was finally granted to 4,000,000 of slaves his act was approved and applauded by all loyal men.

It is not as the emancipator of a race, glorious as that distinction must ever be, that the largest measure of gratitude is due to Abraham Lincoln, but as the man who, above all others, demonstrated in a period of stress and storm that government of the people, for the people and by the people was a living thing with a steadfast patriotic purpose, and with a capacity for sacrifice and heroism that has ennobled the democratic idea throughout the world. "If I could save the Union," he wrote to Horace Greeley, "who was constantly making impracticable and fantastic suggestions to him, "without freeing any slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that." Abhorrent as slavery was to him, his primary purpose was to save the Union. To accomplish that he would sacrifice treasure and men, the blood of the bravest and best, all the precepts of his command, his own life if need be, but he would not sacrifice the Union. Where did this country lawyer learn his statecraft? He was not trained in any school of diplomacy, was unfamiliar with its etiquette and usages and conventions, and yet his state papers are models of lucidity and force.

When the unfortunate Trent affair occurred, Lincoln by a few erasures and a number of interpolations changed the threatening communication of Mr. Seward, his Secretary of State, into a diplomatic note which prepared the way for negotiations and explanations, and insured peace. He possessed three qualities, which no really great statesman has ever been without—intuitive knowledge and tact, courage and honesty, patriotism and conviction. [Applause.] His military experience was embraced in a single Indian campaign, but his suggestions to the generals in the field were so pertinent and opportune that eminent military critics have declared that he excelled as much in giving direction to the actual conduct of the war as in carrying forward the affairs of state.

He had an intuitive knowledge of men, of their capacity and efficiency. When complaint was made to him that General Grant was drunk at the battle of Shiloh, he simply inquired as to the brand of whisky he drank, because he said he would like to send a barrel to each of the other generals. So comprehensively did he do his work, so infallible were his conclusions, so omniscient—I use the word reverently—was his knowledge of all that transpired during the most dramatic and momentous period in our national existence that we may well believe that he was inspired as Moses, and Joshua, and David were inspired in the days of old. In all the tangled web of human history we can discern an overruling Providence, which, through a continuous process of destruction, repair and upbuilding, has steadily purified and cleansed national ideals and exalted the race. The great leaders of men are sent from God to do their redemptive and regenerative work, and when it is finished they return to Him.

Lincoln died in the fullness of his fame, after Lee had surrendered and Richmond had been captured, and the rebellion was ended. When he passed away the people mingled their tears in the kinship of a common sorrow. He is one of the world's greatest memories.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And can not make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.
For him her old-world molds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

The blood of the Puritan and cavalier mingled in him, the blood of Quaker and planter and pioneer, and in the mingling the best qualities of each continued dominant, so that strength and gentleness, majesty and grace, toleration and firmness, were all blended in his wondrous personality. His fame is as pervasive as the air we breathe; as firmly planted as the everlasting hills. [Applause.]

He belongs to the race of strong-limbed, clear-brained, stout-hearted and deep-purposed men, who do fundamental and imperishable work in the world. * * * His insight was so keen and penetrating, his grasp of statecraft so commanding, his knowledge of military operation so profound, his common sense so uncommon, his humor so boundless, his sympathies so spontaneous and kindly, his patriotism so pure and consecrated, and his accomplishment so significant, that with one accord we acclaim him "the first American."

With the growth of population and its concentration in large cities, with the vast accumulation of wealth in ever fewer hands, with the frequent irritations between labor and capital, and with the spread of socialistic doctrines, we need another Abraham Lincoln in America—perhaps you need one in England, too, to solve the delicate and complex problems which confront us at the opening of the twentieth century. No countries can contribute more to their effective and wise solution than England and America, if they strive to attain the ideals which John Bright and Abraham Lincoln stood for—freedom and peace, justice and righteousness. May God provide in His wisdom that nothing shall disturb the existing friendship between the two great English-speaking peoples. In sympathetic emulation and generous co-operation may they work together unselfishly and zealously for a world-wide repose from strife and for the highest good of all mankind. [Loud applause.]

London Discovers "Uncle Abe"

By STACY AUMONIER

London has taken over the spirit of Abraham Lincoln and now shares its influence with the United States. Historians, poets, and dramatists write of the great American. All London, and soon all England, will be happier and wiser in knowing about "the great heart of humanity."

The Century Magazine Feb. 1930

AN event is happening in London which every American ought to know of. It may not in itself appear to be of great importance, but on reflection it becomes a matter of pregnant significance. In an obscure suburb, buried away among shops and booths, is a small theater with the somewhat grandiloquent title of the Lyric Opera House. A year or so ago not one Londoner in ten thousand could have told you where the Lyric Opera House was. Then one day some enthusiasts from Birmingham, with a passion for reforming the stage, came to London. Finding themselves crowded out of all the West End theaters, where revues and pajama farces were in complete sway, they came across this obscure theater and put on a play. It was a purely experimental play, the kind of thing that any theatrical expert would have prophesied as being good for a few matinées, or probably a week's run at a loss. The play concerned the life of an American. It is true, it was a great—probably the greatest American who ever lived. But that was all it was. It could not be called a good play in any sense. It certainly had none of the ingredients of a popular success. There was no plot, no sensational development, very little humor, and, strangest of all, no love interest. It just portrayed the character, and some of the human episodes in the political career, of a rugged man.

But the Londoner, who is slow in the uptake, but persistent when he wants a thing, gradually began to trace his footsteps, as though compelled by some mesmeric force, in the direction of the Lyric Opera House. To say that the play caught on would be too mild a way of expressing the peculiar grip which the life of Abraham Lincoln has got upon us. London has fallen under the spell of "Uncle Abe." The thing has been an enormous popular success. It has been going on months, and still every performance is crowded out. Only last week a bishop drove up. He had come to town specially from the country to see the play, and he could not get a seat! Now everybody knows the Lyric Opera House and is anxious to direct you thither. But it is n't only the box-office which interests us. The play has been more than a popular success. It has been a symbol, an inspiration.

The people who crowd the theater are not a clique of literary or theatrical dilettante; they are the people. You see them sitting there in rows,—the seats are all low-priced,—mixed up and familiar, princes and publicans, bankers, bishops (I hope he got a seat the next night), clerks and green-grocers, horsy-looking men and poets, little shop girls and old duchesses. They are peculiarly silent, thrilled, moved. If you ask them, they can't tell you why, but they say, "It 's wonderful," and they go away and come again and again.

How much of this wonder may be due to the genius of Mr. John Drinkwater, who wrote the play and produced it, or to the clever company who interpret it, is difficult to determine. I have spoken to hundreds of people who have been, and many have criticized the acting or the producing or the play itself; but I have not met one who did not think that somehow it was "wonderful" and

they wanted to go again. The solution may be that in the mind of Abraham Lincoln we find a salve, healing the complicated disruption of our own present troubles. The conditions are somewhat analogous. We observe the reactions of our own distresses through this spectacle of great simplicity. It is as though we had been groping in the dark for something which we had lost, when a friend appears who produces an electric torch, and we observe that that which we had lost is lying at our feet. We recall the phenomena of our own upheaval, the basic causes of war and civil strife. The greed and intolerance of those in high places, the insincerity and chop-logic of politicians, the sycophantic attitude of place-seekers, the machinations of profiteers, the fear and cowardice and heroism of the individual man, and through it all this one simple man, of inflexible purpose, high courage, broad vision, and unbounded humanity. His horror and loathing of war permeate the play. He is incapable of bitterness and hatred. He can hate only an idea. He represents to us what is best in us, the attitude we ourselves would like to take in our best moments. When the dear old society lady rejoices in the slaughter of many thousands of "these disgusting rebels,"—we can almost hear her say "disgusting Huns,"—the heart of Lincoln is as nearly stirred to hate as it is capable of. He turns on her in a flood of scorn and orders her from the house. That was not the spirit in which he plunged his country into war. Men were dying that a broader humanity might emerge. The colored man should be free, the brother of the white man, not the slave. All men were equal in the sight of God, and all men must obey the dictates of this human impulse. Let justice be done though the heavens fall, but justice with mercy, and with your eye always fixed upon the ultimate goal.

It was an American who toasted "Our country. In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

But Lincoln was bigger than that. And it is because we believe that he was bigger than that that we rejoice in him. We do not believe that he would have backed his country in what he believed to be an unjust war. He would have been a rebel. He would rather have died at the stake. One sees in him the birth of a force acting socially rather than nationally. That is why in these days when national issues are involved and confused, when they who, we are told by our governments, are one day our friends and another day our enemies, we turn to Lincoln as we would turn to a draft of water at a surfeited banquet in an overheated room. And there dawns upon us at the Lyric Opera House a new and comforting generalization. It is this: there could never be serious trouble between England and America, because the day is dawning when things are acting socially rather than nationally. The workers of the world are becoming as great a force as governments themselves, indeed greater. It will no longer be possible to wave a flag, put head-lines in the newspapers, and send a band into the street and say, "We are at war!" Government is going to be by the people and for the people. There might conceivably be some quite serious point of dispute between the governments, but the people will require to know all about it. And then there will be a national cleavage. Parties will be formed on each side favoring the other country's point of view. There will be no national unity in the old sense. The world—or in any case, for the time being, *our* world—will act socially.

That which is called "industrial unrest" is not a purely material thing. It does not concern only work and wages. It is a spiritual revolt. Five million men were slain on the battle-fields of Europe, and nine tenths of those men were sent to their deaths without being consulted or without fully understanding the fundamental cause of the strife. And this holocaust has made the people of these various countries suspicious. They are for the most part patient, long-suffering people, good sportsmen, quite willing to die in a good cause; but they are beginning to feel that if this sort of thing is going to happen often, they would like to know all about it. Indeed, they would like to be consulted. Incidentally, they want to make it impossible to happen again.

The London cockney made as good

showing in the war as any, and he was in it from the very first. He is not very clever perhaps, but he 's no fool. He does n't believe all the newspapers tell him. The war has broadened his outlook considerably. He has rubbed shoulders with every other national, white and colored, in all parts of the world. Whereas before he may not have traveled farther than from Putney to the Welsh Harp, or from Hendon to Brighton, now he is familiar with France and Italy, Greece, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and India. He has boxed with Australians, made love to French girls, and swapped cigarettes with German prisoners. Death has been his near and familiar companion for four and a half years. And on the top of it all he is thoroughly surfeited with *cant*. These newspapers and old ladies and arm-chair patriots, phew! Suddenly he finds himself listening to some one he understands, a big and simple citizen like himself, albeit a foreigner. A fine old boy, "Uncle Abe." No nonsense about him. He does n't get tied up in a knot with highfalutin rhetoric. He has n't got one eye on the enemy and the other on the next general election. He does n't say one thing and mean another. He 's big, universal, and his spirit is communicable.

This is what the cockney thinks, the cockney who has seen the world and carried other men's burdens upon his back. And his spirit, too, is communicable. That is why the dowager duchesses go, too, and the war exploiters and the old clubmen and the arm-chair patriots. They go and feel humbled, universal, as though their spirit were being transposed from the minor key of their small self-centered lives into a broader key of a great composition. They cannot remain unmoved, and so, while they cannot explain it, they say it 's "wonderful."

Yes, London has fallen to "Uncle Abe." The curtain has come down on the great drama, and our voices are hushed. We know that it is too soon for its significance to come home to us. We are still dazed and bewildered. The eager faces of the young men who will never return are still with us. The sound of their laughter is still fresh in our ears. In such a condition men cannot think or forget or even remember. It will take a hundred years. And so they dance and dance and dance, as though they were trying to readjust the normal rhythm of human intercourse, so long a broken discord. And when everything seems meaningless, what better occupation can there be than dancing? In time the systole and the diastole will resume its healthy beat. Beneath the hatred and malice and misunderstanding we are learning to know that, as Nurse Cavell discovered, "Patriotism is not enough." Beneath it all there remains the great heart of humanity, the great heart of Lincoln, beating for our eternal good. London is wiser and better and vastly happier for her discovery of "Uncle Abe."

Divination

By JOHN DRINKWATER

Have you sometimes a lonely heart,
And secret sorrows to endure?
And do you lie sometimes apart,
With fears no friendliness could cure?

My love of twenty years not yet
Has that devotion forfeit made
Of those dear sessions where we met
So often and so unafraid.

Go not alone in any grief,
Make me your fond confessor still,
Touch not with weary unbelief
The wit and service of my will.

Your silence yet no silence knows,
No track you make but I must find,
And every fear you suffer throws
Its shadow through my wedded mind.

My needs have been your daily cares;
Bring now your needs to me no less.
You who have pitied my despairs
Will pity now my tenderness.

Grieve not apart, nor think you can.
No trysting-place so rare, so lone,
But there, the shadow of a man,
With you and grief I shall be known.

An English View of Lincoln

Condensed from The Illustrated London News (December 6, '30)

Gilbert K. Chesterton

This extract is from the famous essayist's page "Our Notebook" appearing weekly in The Illustrated London News

SOME years ago there was a considerable row in England about a statue of Abraham Lincoln. It was not the statue which now stands in London, but one which was considered less complimentary. Now no Englishman has even begun to appreciate Abraham Lincoln who has not begun by wondering at so utterly strange a stranger. If his statue is to stand in London, it ought to be the statue of a stranger; nay, almost of a strange animal. The statue ought to strike us with the same sensation as that of meeting a grizzly bear in the Green Park. The most abrupt angles of advanced sculpture could hardly do justice to the abyss that separates his type from ours.

He was a great man, like Confucius, and a good man, like Uncle Remus; but he represented things as remote as their black and yellow races. He was no more an Anglo-Saxon than an Anglo-Indian; it would be rather more rational to compare him to a Red Indian. But, in truth, he was something so separated from England that new planes and new dimensions of art would be needed to express the difference.

I have lately been traveling in America, often lingering in small towns and wayside places; and in a curious and almost creepy fashion the great presence of Abraham Lincoln has continually grown upon me. I think it is necessary to linger a little in America, and especially in what many would call the most uninteresting parts of America, before this strong sense of a strange kind of greatness can grow upon the soul.

I am almost inclined to say that if the original unpopular sculptor only made Lincoln ugly enough he was probably right. The complaints against the statue were that the upper lip was long and simian, that the hands hung large and loose, that the attitude was that of an anthropoid ape. All that sounds excellent. But I will not affirm that the sculptor conveyed the secret. Curiously enough, I feel as if it could be conveyed better by landscape than by sculpture. It is the landscape of America that conveys it most vividly to me, especially landscapes that would be avoided by a landscape-painter.

The externals of the Middle

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Reader's Digest - Apr., 1931.

LINCOLN MOST FASCINATING HUMAN PUZZLE OF ALL TIMES

The English Idea that He Represents the Spirit of America Cannot Be Correct, for That Spirit Provides No Career for Such a Product.

(By The Star's Roving Correspondent.)

EUROPEAN opinion about Lincoln is curiously revealed by its linking of him with Emerson, Whitman and Thoreau. Americans who have encountered this opinion abroad will have heard it said that these of our great men have most typified the spirit of America.

It is a strange linking of names, and one that most Americans would find difficult to explain or understand. Perhaps one ground of it is the fact that none of these characters, with the possible exception of Emerson, could have emerged under the European political and social system.

Not Possible in England.

Lincoln in his day, at least, could not have come to the head of the British government. He, therefore, can be accounted for, in this view, only by the spirit of mid-nineteenth century America; a spirit that existed nowhere, of course, in contemporary England or Europe. This is a good enough explanation perhaps of what must otherwise remain a puzzle to the European mind; but it falls far short, of course, of explaining Lincoln—it merely explains his emergence. Actually, it doesn't fully explain that, because Lincoln was a political accident. The Republican presidential nomination of 1860 should, in political logic (though that rarely counts in politics), have gone to Seward or Chase, perhaps to half a dozen others before coming to Lincoln. But the new and energetic West, together with some political expediencies, swung the prize to the Illinois country lawyer. He wasn't quite ready for it either, but the times were, and fate ordained it should be then or never.

He was, as it turned out, one of the few geniuses the new America had produced, and one of the fewer who had attained the presidency. But that's not the reason he was nominated. His party didn't know he was a genius, the country didn't know it and Lincoln didn't know it.

A Great Puzzle of History.

He was made by his times and his task. He is one of the great puzzles of all history. He was one of the most consummate politicians ever known to American public life, and at the same time he had a simplicity, an honesty and a singleness of purpose (though not always pursued with directness) that were almost rustic. Though a novice in politics beside the subtle Seward, he overmatched that adroit character so completely and so easily as to astonish everybody, including Seward himself, who never really quite knew how it all happened. He subdued the masterful and stormy Stanton, who had regarded his chief as a simpleton and a baboon, to the point where this unique combination of qualities that made Stanton a great secretary—of pettiness, intrigue, prejudice, egotism, jealousy and ability—had the one clear revelation of a lifetime, which was that the simpleton and baboon was the greatest figure of his age.

So much for his political side. About war he knew nothing when he went to the White House, except Indian fighting, and not much about that beyond its more obviously comic aspects. But in a little while he was advising McClellan and Hooker and Meade on military tactics, and they would have done much better if they had followed his advice. He got his military knowledge as he got his knowledge of the law, by hard study, by wrestling with it as he wrestled with Euclid back in the Illinois days, in bed with a candle, while his fellow lawyers of the circuit were enjoying themselves downstairs around the tavern stove.

Nothing Came Easily to Him.

Lincoln never got anything easily, not even his wife; he had to labor with doubts, misgivings, with hopelessness and melancholy; but when through his own slow and painful processes he had laid hold of a fact and demonstrated it to himself, he knew more about that fact than any man about him, whether lawyer, statesman, politician or military commander. That was his genius. It was made up of concentrated effort (by spells at least, for he was an indolent man), common sense, native shrewdness, insight, knowledge of men and a certain mysticism that supplied the spiritual side of his nature and often made him act by a sort of divination.

For these reasons his intellectual growth was slow. The Lincoln who had attracted nation-wide attention by his debates with Douglas was indeed a politician of extraordinary caliber, but that Lincoln does not measure up to the Lincoln of the emancipation proclamation; nor does the Lincoln of those early, hesitating days of 1861, when he thought 75,000 volunteers would end the Civil War, measure up to the Lincoln of the Gettysburg address. He grew with his task, and if we would have a true measure of his greatness, it is only necessary to reflect that his whole national career, in which he accomplished his task and reached his place in history, lasted only four years. What now would be known of Napoleon himself if he had died four years after his countrymen first heard of him at Toulon?

Not Born to a Career.

What the European view fails to

consider in placing Lincoln as a product of the spirit of America is that this spirit provides no career for such a product. He was neither born to a career nor did he achieve one on any system. America produced him and then left him to accident. As a lawyer he had some reputation at the Illinois bar, but nothing much ever would have been heard of him in his profession outside his own state. He made no figure during his brief term in congress. But for the break-up of the Democratic party he could not have been elected President. Even his chance of nomination by the Republicans was an outside one when the convention of 1860 met. He cannot therefore be accounted for by that spirit of America which may account for Walt Whitman, who can the more readily be accounted for because he was simply an expression of that spirit and not a man of action. But for Lincoln it would be hard to say that the spirit of America or anything else ever did anything. He was just a political accident that turned out a miracle.

By another accident he was removed from the stage just at a time when a new test of his powers was preparing. He had been marked for a victim by the radical Republicans who saw in him an obstacle to their plans to reduce the South to the status of conquered provinces, to be ruled by military force. How he would have met that test we cannot know, but we know he would have opposed those plans as his successor opposed them and who was marked for a victim in Lincoln's place. Perhaps Lincoln died at a kindly time for his fame. Perhaps not. But with all we know of him—his strengths, his weaknesses, his sagacity, his simplicity, man of blood and man of mercy, blind guesser at events and with unerring genius for guessing right—he must remain the most fascinating of all human puzzles. Of his greatness as a man and ruler there can be no question.

able, however, if we could say as much of the prospects for a new union station now as could be said at that time, when it was stated that "the public need not be surprised to see work commenced on the union depot before cold weather. It looks as if Manager J. J. Hill proposed to make railroad matters boom again." Would that Mr. Hill could be induced to make railroad matters represented in a new union station boom again.

BRITISH VIEW OF LINCOLN.

London Spectator.

In days not so long ago we used to exhaust our vocabulary in wonder at the desperate resistance of the south. With experience of the two and a half years that it took to subdue the Boer republics, we have come to marvel that the north was ever able to battle down the secessionists. It is true that the coercing power was not separated from the enemy by 3,500 miles of sea, but, on the other hand, its vital organ was within striking distance of the enemy, and was more than once in imminent peril. The interregnum between Lincoln's election and his installation —Nov. 6, 1860, to March 4, 1861—had given time for organization in the secession states, for treachery in the cabinet and the legislature. The population of the south were infinitely more homogeneous, more warlike, and, in the earlier stages of the conflict, more determined; above all, their armies were led by two mighty thunderbolts of war.

The Chevalier Johnstone declared that had Prince Charles slept during the whole of his great adventure, and allowed Lord George Murray to act for him according to his own judgment, he would have found the crown of Great Britain on his head when he awoke. Substitute Jefferson Davis for the prince, and Jackson and Lee for the chieftain of the house of Atholl, and a plausible case is left for argument. The military imagination is too prone to neglect those moral forces against which all the might of southern chivalry beat in vain; yet for at least two years the fate of the union hung on Lincoln's strength of will, and not for a single moment did he waver in his purpose. As the ever-lamented biographer of "Stonewall" admits:

"It will not be asserted that either Lee or Jackson fathomed the source of this unconquerable tenacity. They had played with effect on the fears of Lincoln; they had recognized in him the mature power of the federal hosts; but they had not yet learned, for the northern people themselves had not yet learned it, that they were opposed by an adversary whose resolution was as unyielding as their own, who loved the union even as they loved Virginia, and who ruled the nation with the same tact and skill that they ruled their soldiers."

Lincoln lived to win the love and confidence of his cabinet, of his generals and finally of a people in arms. "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

was the refrain of a northern song in the second year of the war. * * * When the occasion required he could employ a diction which in its severe and chaste simplicity has no rival in transatlantic oratory. Sir George Trevelyan has aptly compared his speech at the dedication of the Gettysburg cemetery to the funeral oration of Pericles. There spoke the real Abraham Lincoln, tender and true and strong, of whom it may be written, as was written by his countryman of William the Silent, that while he lived he was the guiding star of a great nation, and that when he died the little children cried in the streets.

The English and Lincoln.

The London Spectator, in speaking of the esteem in which Lincoln is held by the world, says:

"The world is still waiting for the true life of one who was probably the greatest product of the Anglo-Saxon race in the last century. The time is coming near when we can judge him fairly. The part he played in the crisis of his country was so immense that the early lives were not unnaturally of the 'spread-eagle' type. Then, as time passed, and the literary genius of his countrymen fell in love with subleties, there seemed less inclination to consider a mind and character which were essentially broad and simple. Now that the echoes of controversies are dying away, and at the same time nationalism is reviving in American letters, we may hope that the right biographer will arise. He must tell the tale as a drama for Lincoln's career has the splendor of some great movement of nature. Like Cromwell, he does not make it; it is made for him, and he only accepts the guidance of Providence. Backwoods boy, rail-splitter, storekeeper, country lawyer, politician, President—the stages come so naturally that one forgets the human effort. The gods seem to be preparing the one man for the appointed hour. " "

"The greatness of Lincoln as President lay in his clear perception of one essential truth—that in the interest of posterity the Union must be maintained. Amid a throng of distracting side questions he never lost sight of the main issue. It takes a very real intellectual greatness to stake everything upon an abstract truth. The tenderest-hearted of men had to wage a bloody and relentless war. The least dogmatic of statesmen had to hold fast to one dogma, and shut his eyes to difficulties.

"Above all, he did not 'look too good nor talk too wise.' The author of the most exalted speeches in English oratory since Burke transacted the ordinary business of life in ragmuffage of a homespun simplicity. His humor at once endeared him to his people and allowed him to 'keep the common touch' in the terrible mysteries of high policy and war. It refreshed him to put a difficulty into homely idioms and illustrate it with a country tale."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth was celebrated on Friday, is already established as one of the greatest of Anglo-Saxon heroes. It might be said that he is the typical Anglo-Saxon hero, because his qualities of simplicity, calmness, justness, humour, and courage were just those which most appeal to the English-speaking races. If there were an American calendar of saints, Lincoln would probably appear first on the list, and the fact that he was martyred would be only one of the reasons for his position. In Britain the name of Lincoln mentioned at a public meeting would raise a cheer more surely than the name of any other American. The reason for this is not merely that Lincoln was a very great American, otherwise the name of Washington would be cheered as readily out of courtesy, for the fact of Washington having beaten us does not in the least stand in the way, or act in any sense as a non-conductor of sympathy; it is rather that Lincoln was a man whose character is perfectly understood, and therefore perfectly appreciated. He stood for two grand ideas which have the complete sympathy of Englishmen—the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery—and he pursued his objects with a singleness of mind and clarity of vision which leave no one in doubt as to the nobility of his character. He was a man of righteousness, and he believed and proved that in the end right is might. English-speaking people seldom resent the plain speaking of true frankness, and Lincoln never lost an admirer by the unequivocal words in which he repudiated men and ideas that he could not approve. His notable tolerance, which was one of his chief attributes, never induced him to compromise where compromise would have been dishonourable. What English-speaking people do not like—simply, perhaps, because a non-Gallic slowness of perception prevents them from understanding it promptly—is a critical subtlety in public life which implies much more than it superficially asserts. They are less alarmed by bluntness to the point of rudeness than by innuendo. The one braces them, the other only mystifies. For all these reasons Lincoln's character was the ideal of the public life of the nineteenth century. He could hit hard, he could put forward national aspirations in wonderfully eloquent words which made men's hearts burn within them, and he had a natural and spontaneous humour; and with it all he bore no grudges. Nothing is more remarkable than the absence of all bitterness in Lincoln's bearing towards the South. Beauregard's first shot at Fort Sumter forced the hostilities upon the North which lasted four years and plunged the whole land in mourning. Yet Lincoln gave the arguments of the Southerners their full value and more, and he never allowed any one in his presence to follow the Northern fashion of calling them rebels.

It is not of Lincoln in his political aspect, however, so much as of Lincoln the man and the master of English that we would write to-day. In *Putnam's Magazine* for this month we find some recollections of Lincoln by Colonel James Grant Wilson. Describing Lincoln, Colonel Wilson says that his face was rugged and swarthy, with coarse, rebellious dark hair; his arms and legs were extraordinarily long; and Colonel Wilson thought his greyish-brown eyes were the saddest he had ever seen. The sadness of Lincoln was of course the reverse side of his buoyancy,—the reaction. This is not a thing to be surprised at; the margin between the tears and the humour of men whose humour is a natural fount is generally narrow. Lincoln's changes from the sombre to the gay were often sudden. Colonel Wilson gives an example:—

"About the end of March I accompanied to the theatre the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and the young lady who was with him when the assassin's bullet closed his career a fortnight later. He sat in the rear of the box leaning his head against the partition, paying no attention to the play and looking so worn and weary that it would not have been surprising had his soul and body separated that very night. When the curtain fell after the first act, turning to him, I said, 'Mr. President, you are not apparently interested in the play.' 'Oh, no, Colonel,' he replied; 'I have not come for the play, but for the rest. I am being hounded to death by office-seekers, who pursue me early and late, and it is simply to get two or three hours' relief that I am here.' After a slight pause he added: 'I wonder if we shall be tormented in heaven with them, as well as with bores and fools?' He then closed his eyes, and I turned to the ladies. A few moments later I felt Mr. Lincoln's heavy hand on my shoulder. Turning, to my great surprise I saw him sitting upright, his eyes gleaming with fun. 'Colonel,' he said, 'did I ever tell you the story of Grant at the circus?' 'No, Mr. President, but I shall be delighted to hear it.' 'Well, when Grant was about ten years old, a circus came to Point Pleasant, Ohio, where the family lived, and the boy asked his father for a quarter to go to the circus. As the old tanner would not give him the necessary coin, he crawled in under the canvas tent, as I used to do; for in those days,' said the President, 'I never possessed a quarter of a dollar. There was a clever mule in that circus that had been trained to throw his rider, and when he appeared in the ring it was announced that any one in the audience that would ride him once around the ring without being thrown would win a silver dollar. There were many candidates for the coin, but all were thrown over the animal's head. Finally the ring-master ordered the mule taken ont, when Master Ulysses presented himself saying, "Hold on, I will try that beast." The boy mounted the mule, holding on longer than any of the others, but at length, when about seven-eighths of the ring had been achieved amid the cheers of the audience, the boy was thrown. Springing to his feet and throwing off his cap and coat, Ulysses shouted in a determined tone, "I would like to try that mule again," and again the audience cheered him. This time he resorted to strategy. He faced to the rear, seized hold of the beast's tail instead of his head, which rather demoralized the mule, and so the boy went around the ring, winning the silver dollar. And,' added the President, 'just so General Grant will hold on to Bob Lee.'"

Ten days later, adds Colonel Wilson, General Lee surrendered his army.

Colonel Wilson gives several instances of the suave humour which was Lincoln's strongest diplomatic weapon. With it he could turn aside both wrath and office-seekers. Colonel Wilson describes a visit to the White House:—

"On arriving at the White House, I found a Congressman in earnest conversation with the President. Looking at me as if I were an intruder, the politician stopped and Mr. Lincoln said: 'It is all right—we are going ont together; so turn on your oratory.' So the member resumed, talking vigorously for five minutes or more, in behalf of his constituent, an applicant for some office. The President, looking critically on the right side of his face and then on the left, remarked, in an interested manner: 'Why, John, how close you do shave.' Although the Congressman was disappointed, of course, he could not avoid laughing. After his departure I said, 'Mr. President, is that the way you manage the politicians?' and he answered: 'Well, Colonel, you must not suppose you have all the strategy in the army.'"

Best of all we like the anecdote in which Colonel Wilson describes how he wished to add a lock of Lincoln's hair to locks he already had of Washington and Hamilton. On

Lincoln's last birthday he brought out his request. "Help yourself, Colonel," was Lincoln's answer.

It seems a miracle that the same man who went through life in its familiar relations uttering his thoughts in terms racy of the soil—phrases and figures which were an epitome of his hard experience as wood-splitter, farm-labourer, and boatman before he became a lawyer—should also have been able on national occasions to deliver orations of majestic beauty, with well-ordered rhythmical phrases and perfect proportion, arrangement, and relevance such as the nineteenth century can scarcely match, if it can match them at all. Lincoln's mastery of language is indeed a proof that prose-writing is a gift. A man who has culture may decorate his gift to any extent, adding superficial grace to grace, but unless he has the heart of the matter in him by instinct—an instinct comparable to the gift for music—he can hardly hope that any amount of culture will make him a true writer of prose or a true orator. John Bright is an example of the man with the instinct which most professors of the art of speaking and writing lack. Yet we cannot compare Bright with Lincoln, because Bright's ability to coin illuminating phrases did not extend into every nook and cranny of his management of prose. Lincoln's did. We have not room to quote, as we should like, those most famous and moving speeches (written carefully before they were delivered): the oration at the consecration of the burial-ground of Gettysburg, and the Second Inaugural. Lincoln believed the latter to be the best of all his efforts. Mr. Gladstone described it once to Colonel Wilson as "unquestionably a most striking and sublime utterance, not surpassed by any delivered during the nineteenth century." We will quote only the letter addressed by Lincoln to General Hooker on his appointment to the command of the Army of the Potomac:—

"I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army, you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honourable brother-officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit, which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

This was not too severe a caution against a continuance of the intrigue which had provoked strong words. But that is not the point which concerns us; what we invite attention to is the consummate skill with which Lincoln employs his materials. As a piece of idiomatic prose the letter is inimitable. Feeling, humour, irony,—everything appears exactly where it ought to appear. Truly was it said of Lincoln by an officer: "He writes to me like a Father." Every wellwisher of America will hope this week that she may produce yet other sons like Lincoln, with his enthusiasm and moderation combined, his tenderness and plainness, his gravity and sunniness, his logic and strong common-sense, all of which expressed themselves in his eagle-eyed penetration in seeing the simplicity of every issue when it is stripped of its casuistry. For it is always the world-old question between right and wrong.

FEB. 20, 1909

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—May I venture to make one comment on your admirable article in last week's *Spectator* on Abraham Lincoln? You say:—

"He stood for two grand ideas which have the complete sympathy of Englishmen—the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery—and he pursued his objects with a singleness of mind and clarity of vision which leave no one in doubt as to the nobility of his character."

It was only in 1863, after a bloody war, that Lincoln issued a proclamation specifying that "all persons held as slaves within the Confederate States shall henceforth be free." But he showed his own callousness as to slavery by admitting in a letter to Horace Greeley that

"my paramount object in the struggle is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would do that also."

The writer of your article must have forgotten for the moment this remarkable letter of Mr. Lincoln's.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Plymouth. W. H. Alger.

[We cannot agree that Lincoln's letter to Horace Greeley shows callousness. What it does show is the quality by which Lincoln saved the nation,—absolute concentration on a particular object, the maintenance of the Union. But in spite of this concentration of purpose, Lincoln unquestionably detested slavery, and longed for its abolition with all his heart and soul. He desired, however, that abolition should come, if possible, by legal and Constitutional means. What he wanted to do was to preserve the Union, and then to proceed by legal means to procure the gradual and peaceful abolition of slavery. If our correspondent doubts the sincerity of Lincoln's hatred of slavery, let him refer to the public debates between Lincoln and Douglas. Nothing could be clearer or ring truer than Lincoln's denunciations of the essential wickedness of slavery.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

Lincoln Is Given Honor By Eminent Britons In Talks

A long line of nationally prominent speakers at the Mid-day Luncheon club lecture series was carried on last night at the Springfield High school auditorium, when two English notables spoke to a large and appreciative audience under auspices of the club.

Rev. Robert Bond, D.D., one of the most eminent church leaders of Great Britain, and the Rt. Hon. Isaac Foot, former minister of mines in the English parliament and a member of the advisory council to the king of England, were guests of the club yesterday and were shown the shrines of Lincoln, who both said, was one of the greatest influences in the lives of not only the citizens of this country but of many foreign nations.

Rev. Dr. Bond spoke on "Taking the Long View." He told of his admiration for Abraham Lincoln, "not for the man, but for the influence he has had on my life." He told of the living principles that made Lincoln great and how those principles in his early life helped him choose his mode of living. Rev. Dr. Bond spoke of the statue of Lincoln in front of Westminster Abbey in London as being the only statue of an "outside statesman," not English born.

In following the line of his topic, he said he felt relief at leaving a "tense atmosphere where you never know what the next day may bring . . . we left our gas masks in England—ten million Englishmen have them, even down to the smallest child." Whatever good the airplane brings, he said, is equaled in something terrible. As to war, Rev. Dr. Bond said, "We have done everything I believe we can do to avoid it. The problem is to get a broader view of the problem—how God would do it."

He could not see destruction of the world by strife, for as he said, "God's way is a better way—from here to there—there to there—for in God's mind the last step will be higher, it will not be a step down, but will always develop into something greater, better, and nobler. He made brief mention of the dictators of Europe in a parable that "when one man says 'stop' to an iniquity it is a challenge—when twenty men say 'stop' you have a reform."

A comparison of the lives and influences of Abraham Lincoln and England's Oliver Cromwell was given by Mr. Foot, member of the privy council and chairman of the Cromwell association of England. The former member of the British house of commons was one of the most brilliant orators and debaters of that body. He drew a fine comparison between the two men, who he said were the greatest men in same iron will, both were of the same religious mind, and both men used the Bible to express themselves in times of great stress. "Lincoln uses the identical phrases and sometimes the identical word as Cromwell," he said, "although I have not heard or found where Lincoln ever read Cromwell's views." Each man, he said, was called from obscurity to his highest fame, and both men were for the common individual — where the present dictators have "contempt for the individual, a common trait among dictators."

He told of the present crisis in a few words: "There are some words spoken by your president that we would have liked to hear from our country—our business is to find the will of God. Our business is not to save England or America, but to save the more precious things of what the countries stand for." He concluded his address with the statement that all people can depend on in the present crisis is hope—the same that helped Lincoln and Cromwell through the darker days of their influence.

Judge L. E. Stone, president of the club, introduced the speakers and presided at the meeting. He also presented Rev. Charles E. Shike, secretary of the Illinois Church council, who gave greeting and welcome to the two guests on behalf of the Evangelical churches of the state. Rev. Burd Arganbright pronounced the invocation and Bishop John Chanler White of the Protestant Episcopal church, offered the benediction. The program was opened by the Lanphier High school A Cappella choir, under direction of Miss Vera Whitlock.

A reception was held yesterday afternoon for the distinguished guests at the high school. Rev. Dr. Bond and Mr. Foot are en route to the uniting conference of three Methodist bodies of this country which meets today in Kansas City. Rev. Dr. Bond will bring greetings to the conference from King George VI. Samuel Willett was chairman of the ushering committee.

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the two countries.

Mr. Foot described the statue of Lincoln in London as facing that of Cromwell in front of the house of parliament, and "if you look close enough I'm sure you can see them looking at each other." He said he recently received his certificate of forty years as Methodist local preacher in England.

Of the two great men, the past parliamentarian said, both had the

SPEAKING of great men, years ago I interviewed H. G. Wells for this magazine and asked him to name the six greatest figures in history. Do you remember whom Wells named?

Jesus of Nazareth; Buddha; Asoka; Aristotle; Roger Bacon; and Abraham Lincoln.

Most people had never heard of Asoka until Wells mentioned him. Whom would you put on your list of the six greatest?

Albert Payson Terhune's mother, Marion Harland, was one of these grand people. I used to go to see her when I was a youngster fresh from college. She gave me a line which I am going to use as the title of one of the chapters in my book about Paul, if it is ever finished. She said: "Paul was always talking about his Journey into Spain. He never got to Spain, but the purpose to go there was a power in his life. Our unfulfilled ambitions are sometimes our most valuable assets."

BRUCE BARTON

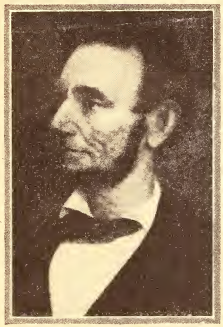
LINCOLN, WORLD FAMOUS LAWYER

LORD SHAW, a leading English legal authority, told the American Women's Club in London that he considered Abraham Lincoln one of the five greatest lawyers of the past. The others were Papinian, Grotius, Duncan-Forbes and Lord Mansfield. In thus placing Lincoln high on the roll of the world's leading advocates, Lord Shaw was following the example of American commentators on the career of the American President.

It is known that Lincoln planned to resume the practice of the law upon the expiration of his second term. "Mary," he said to his wife on April 14, 1865, a few hours before he was shot, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington, but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we shall go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet." This is quoted from "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Isaac N. Arnold, one of his intimate friends.

"If he had lived and carried out these plans," asks Arnold, "what would have been his future? Would he have passed, like other ex-Presidents and great soldiers and statesmen, into comparative obscurity?

"He was one of the ablest lawyers and advocates in the United States," says Arnold. "From his retirement from congress in 1849 until his nomination for the presidency in 1860 he was engaged in the laborious and successful practice of his profession. He rode the circuit, attended the terms of the supreme court of the state (Illinois) and United States circuit and district courts, and was frequently called on special retainers to other states. He had a very large, and it might have been lucrative, practice, but his fees were, as his brethren of the bar declared, ridiculously small.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(From a portrait by an unknown artist)

"Lincoln was, upon the whole, the strongest jury lawyer in the state. He had the ability to perceive with almost intuitive quickness the decisive point in the case. In the examination and cross-examination of a witness he had no equal. He could compel a witness to tell the truth when he meant to lie, and if a witness lied he rarely escaped exposure under Lincoln's cross-examination. He could always make a jury laugh, and often weep, at his pleasure. His legal arguments addressed to the judges were always clear, vigorous and logical, seeking to convince rather by the application of principle than by the citation of cases. A stranger going into court when he was trying a case would, after a few minutes, find himself on Lincoln's side, and wishing him success. He seemed to magnetize everyone. He was so straightforward, so direct, so candid, that every spectator was impressed with the idea that he was seeking only truth and justice. He excelled in the statement of his case However complicated, he would disentangle it and present the issue in so simple and clear a way that all could understand."

CHARLES N. LUBIE.

Kansas City Star Magazine Feb 7, 1926

November 10, 1930

ENGLAND'S APPRAISAL OF LINCOLN

Much has been written about the attitude of the English people toward our Civil War president. Withdrawn from the immediate scene of the struggle and observing from a non-partisan view-point the manoeuvres of the rival statesmen and military leaders, these English writers might be expected to give an unbiased appraisal of Lincoln's worth.

In all the great mass of Lincoln literature which the editor of Lincoln Lore has examined, no brief paragraph has been discovered which more truly sets forth the underlying characteristics in Lincoln's personality than does the following tribute by an anonymous writer in London:

"Not by birth, not by the sword, not by the influence of wealth; not by intrigue, not by the clamour of the mob, not even by remarkable superiority of talent, of eloquence, or of learning, but by untiring energy, by unswerving integrity, by uncompromising courage, by kindness of heart, by general humor, by strong common sense, by respectable talent, and by moderate eloquence, has Abraham Lincoln commended himself to his countrymen and won himself a place amongst the princes of the earth."

This appreciation written shortly after Lincoln's election and before his inauguration seems to have escaped the pen of the political eulogist or the demagogue. It is a part of the introductory chapter of a book entitled "A Memoir of Abraham Lincoln, President Elect of the United States of America." The preface states that the book is "a short sketch of that noble career who takes command of the American State-ship upon the eve of what threatens to be the blackest weather she has yet encountered." This foreword is signed R. B. and dated London, Jan. 9, 1861.

With this auspicious introduction of Lincoln it is interesting to compare the reaction of the English people after the assassination of the president, as revealed by their leading newspapers.

Globe

"Mr. Lincoln had come nobly through a great ordeal. He had extorted the approval even of his opponents, at least on this side of the water. They had come to admire, reluctantly, his firmness, honesty, fairness, and sagacity. He had tried to do, and in had done, what he considered to be his duty, with magnanimity. He had never called for vengeance upon any one."

Pall-Mall Gazette

"For four years Mr. Lincoln discharged the most difficult duties which could fall to the lot of a human being, not indeed in a way to strike the imagination of those who care for mere external show, but with a degree of substantial judgment and good sense which it would be almost impossible to overrate. He was our best friend. He never lent himself to the purposes of that foolish and wicked minority which tried to set enmity between America and England. He never said or wrote an unfriendly word about us. It would be hard to show that he made one false step in the management of the great trust committed to him."

Spectator

"There never was a moment in the history of his country when firmness, and shrewdness, and gentleness were so unspeakably important, and the one man in America whose resolve on the crucial question was unchangeable, whose shrewdness statesmen indefinitely keener than himself could never baffle, whose gentleness years of incessant insult had failed to weary out, who, possessed of these qualities, was possessed also of the supreme power, and who had convinced even his enemies that the power would be exerted under the influence of the qualities, has been taken away from his work."

Daily Telegraph

"A wonderful life was Lincoln's—a life quite as startling and surprising as his death; but, at any rate, the worst part of his work seemed over. The resistance of the South had been crushed. A sturdy, sensible Western man, with long limbs and a longer head, Mr. Lincoln had worked his way in the world without any dishonourable subterfuges or mean devices. Clear, direct, simple, and straightforward, he had already, during his brief term of office, outlived many suspicions, jealousies, misconstructions, and dislikes. He bore his honours well, and was settling down into a quiet simple dignity of manner, and a kindly moderation of thought and temper. Terrible had been the trial through which he had victoriously passed."

Daily News

"For in all time to come, not among Americans only, but among all who think of manhood as more than rank, and set worth above display, the name of Abraham Lincoln will be held in reverence. Rising from among the poorest of the people, winning his slow way upwards by sheer hard work, preserving in every successive stage a character unspotted and a name untainted, securing a wider respect as he became better known, never pretending to more than he was, nor being less than he professed himself, he was at length, for very singleness of heart and uprightness of conduct, because all felt that they could trust him utterly, and would desire to be guided by his firmness, courage, and sense, placed in the chair of President at the turning-point of his nation's history."

Morning Star

"To us Abraham Lincoln has always seemed the finest character produced by the American war on either side of the struggle. He was great not merely by the force of genius—and only the word genius will describe the power of intellect by which he guided himself and his country through such a crisis—but by the simple, natural strength and grandeur of his character... He seemed to arrive by instinct—by the instinct of a noble, unselfish, and manly nature—at the very ends which the highest of political genius, the longest of political experience, could have done no more than reach. He bore himself fearlessly in danger, calmly in difficulty, modestly in success. The world was at last beginning to know how good, and, in the best sense, how great a man he was. It had long indeed learned that he was as devoid of vanity as of fear, but it had only just come to know what magnanimity and mercy the hour of triumph would prove that he possessed."

Times

"The office cast upon him was great, its duties most onerous, and the obscurity of his past career afforded no guarantee of his ability to discharge them. His shortcomings, moreover, were on the surface. The education of a man whose early years had been spent in earning bread by manual labour had necessarily been defective, and faults of manner and errors of taste repelled the observer at the outset. In spite of these drawbacks, Mr. Lincoln slowly won for himself the respect and confidence of all. His perfect honesty speedily became apparent, and, what is, perhaps, more to his credit, amid the many unstudied speeches which he was called upon from time to time to deliver, imbued though they were with the rough humour of his early associates, he was in none of them betrayed into any intemperance of language towards his opponents or towards neutrals. His utterances were apparently careless, but his tongue was always under command."

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LINCOLN LORE

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Dr. Louis A. Warren - - - Editor

ENGLAND'S APPRAISAL OF LINCOLN

Much has been written about the attitude of the English people toward our Civil War president. Withdrawn from the immediate scene of the struggle and observing from a non-partisan view-point the manoeuvres of the rival statesmen and military leaders, these English writers might be expected to give an unbiased appraisal of Lincoln's worth.

In all the great mass of Lincoln literature which the editor of Lincoln Lore has examined, no brief paragraph has been discovered which more truly sets forth the underlying characteristics in Lincoln's personality than does the following tribute by an anonymous writer in London:

"Not by birth, not by the sword, not by the influence of wealth; not by intrigue, not by the clamour of the mob, not even by remarkable superiority of talent, of eloquence, or of learning, but by untiring energy, by unswerving integrity, by uncompromising courage, by kindness of heart, by general humor, by strong common sense, by respectable talent, and by moderate eloquence, has Abraham Lincoln commended himself to his countrymen and won himself a place amongst the princes of the earth."

This appreciation written shortly after Lincoln's election and before his inauguration seems to have escaped the pen of the political eulogist or the demagogue. It is a part of the introductory chapter of a book entitled "A Memoir of Abraham Lincoln, President Elect of the United States of America." The preface states that the book is "a short sketch of that man's career who takes command of the American State-ship upon the eve of what threatens to be the blackest weather she has yet encountered." This foreword is signed R. B. and dated London, Jan. 9, 1861.

With this auspicious introduction of Lincoln it is interesting to compare the reaction of the English people after the assassination of the president, as revealed by their leading newspapers.

Globe

"Mr. Lincoln had come nobly through a great ordeal. He had extorted the approval even of his opponents, at least on this side of the water. They had come to admire, reluctantly, his firmness, honesty, fairness, and sagacity. He had tried to do, and he had done, what he considered to be his duty, with magnanimity. He had never called for vengeance upon any one."

Pall-Mall Gazette

"For four years Mr. Lincoln discharged the most difficult duties which could fall to the lot of a human being, not indeed in a way to strike the imagination of those who care for mere external show, but with a degree of substantial judgment and good sense which it would be almost impossible to overrate. He was our best friend. He never lent himself to the purposes of that foolish and wicked minority which tried to set enmity between America and England. He never said or wrote an unfriendly word about us. It would be hard to show that he made one false step in the management of the great trust committed to him."

Spectator

"There never was a moment in the history of his country when firmness, and shrewdness, and gentleness were so unspeakably important, and the one man in America whose resolve on the crucial question was unchangeable, whose shrewdness statesmen indefinitely keener than himself could never baffle, whose gentleness years of incessant insult had failed to weary out, who, possessed of these qualities, was possessed also of the supreme power, and who had convinced even his enemies that the power would be exerted under the influence of the qualities, has been taken away from his work."

Daily Telegraph

"A wonderful life was Lincoln's—a life quite as startling and surprising as his death; but, at any rate, the worst part of his work seemed over. The resistance of the South had been crushed. A sturdy, sensible Western man, with long limbs and a longer head, Mr. Lincoln had worked his way in the world without any dishonourable subterfuges or mean devices. Clear, direct, simple, and straightforward, he had already, during his brief term of office, outlived many suspicions, jealousies, misconstructions, and dislikes. He bore his honours well, and was settling down into a quiet simple dignity of manner, and a kindly moderation of thought and temper. Terrible had been the trial through which he had victoriously passed."

Daily News

"For in all time to come, not among Americans only, but among all who think of manhood as more than rank, and set worth above display, the name of Abraham Lincoln will be held in reverence. Rising from among the poorest of the people, winning his slow way upwards by sheer hard work, preserving in every successive stage a character unspotted and a name untainted, securing a wider respect as he became better known, never pretending to more than he was, nor being less than he professed himself, he was at length, for very singleness of heart and uprightness of conduct, because all felt that they could trust him utterly, and would desire to be guided by his firmness, courage, and sense, placed in the chair of President at the turning-point of his nation's history."

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LINCOLN EULOGIZED IN GREAT BRITAIN

Words spoken in praise of a departed hero may have a tendency to elevate the character far above the plane in which he moved, and it is quite likely that many of our Memorial Day addresses approached this type of appraisal.

Written words which may be reread before printing are less liable to indulge in unwarranted flattery than words spoken extemporaneously, and it is with interest that we review some of the editorial comments published in the newspapers of great Britain in 1865, upon hearing of the death of Abraham Lincoln. There is room for but a few of these excerpts.

"Abraham Lincoln has always seemed the finest character produced by the American war, on either side of the struggle. He was great not merely by the force of genius—and only the word genius will describe the power of intellect by which he guided himself and his country through such a crisis—but by the simple, natural strength and grandeur of his character . . . . He seemed to arrive by instinct—by the instinct of a noble, unselfish, and manly nature—at the very ends which the highest of political genius, the longest of political experience, could have done no more than reach. He bore himself fearlessly in danger, calmly in difficulty, modestly in success." *London Morning Star, April 27, 1865.*

"We doubt whether modern history contains a grander character than the humble lawyer of Illinois. Others had more genius, and, perhaps, a deeper insight into the political future, though in that prescience which is one of the highest and rarest gifts of rulers Abraham Lincoln was far from deficient. In high moral qualities he was unsurpassed by any public character of the age. His hands were as free from corruption as his generous soul was disposed to harshness . . . . His public virtues shone out as brightly as his private worth, and both made him the best beloved man in the United States." *Freeman's Journal, Dublin, April 28, 1865.*

"A sturdy, sensible western man, with long limbs and a longer head, Mr. Lincoln had worked his way in the world without any dishonorable subterfuges or mean devices. Clear, direct, simple, and straightforward, he had already, during his brief term of office, outlived many suspicions, jealousies, misconstructions, and dislikes. He bore his honors well, and was settling down into a quiet simple dignity of manner, and a kindly moderation of thought and temper. Terrible had been the trial through which he had victoriously passed. He was emphatically one of the people, but his homespun virtues seemed to justify the people's choice. At any rate, he had diligently, faithfully, and not unskillfully, labored according to such light as was given him; and now, as he seemed to touch the goal, his course is abruptly checked." *London Daily Telegraph, April 27, 1865.*

"Poor Abraham Lincoln—"Honest Abe"—the simple, the noble, the true-hearted; as blunt and unaffected, as simple-hearted, kindly and playful in his high position as President of the United States as ever he had been when, in earlier days, he drove his team through the forests of Illinois! The people of this country had all come to love him. Even those who could or would see nothing in him at first but the quondam rail-splitter and mule-driver, came in the end to recognize the native grandeur and simplicity of his character, and the fitness there was in this blunt, unassuming man to head a great people in passing through a national crisis, and doing battle for a higher civilization." *Glasgow Herald, May 1, 1865.*

"It is given to few men to triumph over the most formidable obstacles, as Mr. Lincoln triumphed, by the mere force of honesty and sagacity. His simple integrity of purpose, firmness of will, patience, humanity, and the deep sense of accountability which marked every important act, united to form a character which has steadily and visibly gained upon the minds and hearts, not of his own countrymen alone, but also of the world." *London Daily News, April 27, 1865.*

"Fearless in danger, unshaken in adversity, hopeful when the bravest all but despaired; calm amidst the wild, contagious excitement of success; as imperturbable in the general ecstacies produced by triumph as he was resolute in the general despondency produced by misfortune, he displayed, from first to last, the rare qualities of a good man and a wise ruler." *Ulster Observer, Belfast, April 27, 1865.*

"We were only beginning to appreciate the homely common-sense which had guided him where mere astuteness would have failed—the homely honesty which, in a community where political honesty is rare, had secured him the name of "Honest Abe," the gentle, affectionate disposition which in the moment of triumph was ready to forget the past, and, in a broad spirit of philanthropy, to receive back his most deadly enemies as countrymen and friends." *Dublin Daily Express, April 29, 1865.*

"We attempt no estimate of Mr. Lincoln's character. If he was not a man of brilliant qualities or showy accomplishments, yet he possessed great grasp and force of intellect, honesty and singleness of purpose, unsullied integrity, unshaken perseverance, firmness in authority, an ambition utterly unselfish, the qualities, in short, which go to make the truest and noblest patriot . . . . There was a grandeur about his simple purity and truth which never attaches to more selfish men, however great the height to which they may attain." *Bradford Review, April 29, 1865.*

"His speeches are a photograph of his character. Full of transparent honesty and candor; without the smallest infusion of political rancor or personal vanity; singular in their forgetfulness of self; singular in their devotion to the cause of truth; never skimming the surface, but always grappling fairly with the whole question at issue; never shirking difficulties or shrinking from admission, but meeting the one, and making the other, as calmly as if they were a part of his own case; overflowing with great thoughts, and strong in manly sense, which the very boldness of expression seemed, like the severe simplicity of the Egyptian architecture, to set off in more massive proportions: such were his speeches; such was his mind; such, too, was his policy." *Leeds Mercury, April 27, 1865.*

"The singular position of Mr. Lincoln—a position unparalleled, we believe, in modern history, or paralleled by that of Cavour alone—was that, while intensely individual, he was in the most perfect and complete degree a reflector of the national will. His convictions, originally those of an average American of the western States, advanced in perfect independence at the same rate as those of the country . . . . The people have lost their mouthpiece, but not the determination which he so clearly expressed." *The Spectator, April 29, 1865.*

"The memory of his statesmanship, translucent in the highest degree, wise above the average, and openly faithful more than almost any this age has witnessed to fact and right, will live in the hearts and minds of the whole Anglo-Saxon race as one of the noblest examples of that race's highest qualities. Add to all this that Abraham Lincoln was the kindliest and pleasantest of men, that he had raised himself from nothing, and that to the last no grain of conceit or ostentation was found in him, and there stands before the world a man whose like we shall not soon look upon again." *Liverpool Daily Post, April 27, 1865.*